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The Liberalist

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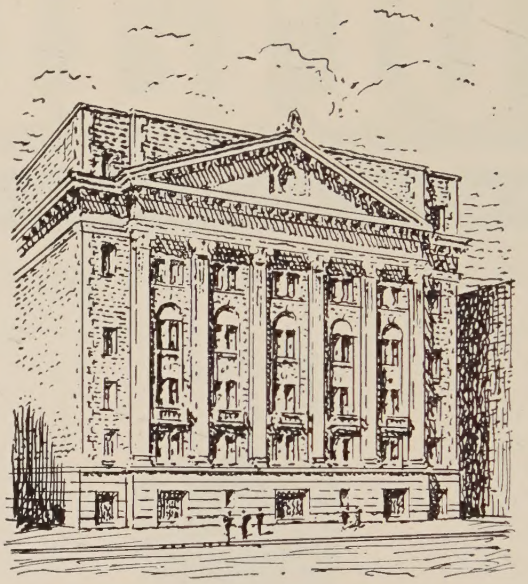
Who walks beside a rosebud
And does not sense its bloom,
Its lovely form and color,
Its delicate perfume;

Who walks beneath the heavens
And does not see the sky,
The sunrise and the sunset,
The tints that glow and die;

Who treads a rural pathway
And never hears a bird,
Nor notes the trembling grasses
A passing breeze has stirred;

Who dwells among his fellows,
And sees them pass his door,
Nor ever hears their heartbeats—
Is pitifully poor!



THE PEOPLES CHURCH OF CHICAGO

Lawrence Ave. at Sheridan Road

This Church was founded July 7, 1912, as a liberal independent church. It united with the American Unitarian Association, Western Unitarian Conference and National Federation of Religious Liberals in 1923. Property purchased for new building 1924. Ground broken June 14, 1925. Corner stone laid November 15, 1925. Church dedicated October 10, 1926. Preston Bradley has been the Pastor from the beginning of the Church.

Declaration of Principles

"The purpose of the church is to deal in plain terms with the supreme things in human life as measured by the rational conclusions of science and history. It seeks to promote a conception of nature, history and the meaning of life in accordance with the facts of experience and with the progress of growing knowledge. It is essentially religious, not in the traditional but in the scientific and ethical sense of the word. It regards religion as spiritual energy directing itself toward the enrichment of the individual life and the perfection of the social order. This church assumes the right of every one to think his or her own thoughts, and expects the greatest progress to follow from entire intellectual liberty and perfect freedom of judgment. It welcomes to its membership all who wish to co-operate in making a world which shall be enlightened by knowledge, guided by reason and animated by good-will."

The Liberalist

PRESTON BRADLEY, Editor
GRACE THAYER BRADLEY, Associate Editor

Volume XXV **June, 1948** *Number 3*

The Little Word

If any little word of mine
  May make a life the brighter,
If any little song of mine
  May make a heart the lighter,
God help me speak the little word,
  And take my bit of singing,
And drop it in some lovely vale
  To set the echoes ringing.

If any little love of mine
  May make a life the sweeter,
If any little care of mine
  May make a friend's the fleeter,
If any little lift of mine may ease
  The burden of another,
God give me love and care and strength
  To help my toiling brother.

(From "Something to Live By"
by Dorothea S. Kopplin)

The Peoples Church of Chicago

941 Lawrence Ave. at Sheridan Rd.

* * *

This Church holds services regularly from the middle of September until the middle of June

* * *

DR. PRESTON BRADLEY

Chicago's well-known Pastor

Commentator, Author, Traveler and Humanitarian

SPEAKS EVERY SUNDAY

Also Monday through Friday—WGN 6 p.m.

* * *

Sunday Morning Service—11 o'clock
Broadcast WJJD

Church School—9:30 a.m.

* * *

Only Two Services before the Church Closes for the Summer

June 6—Outdoor Sunday
"Outdoor Cathedrals"

June 13—Baccalaureate Sunday
"You Are Needed"

* * *

The Good—The True—The Beautiful

Our Only Creed

From Sunday, June 20, through Sunday, September 12, WJJD will broadcast a 15-minute sermon by Dr. Bradley every Sunday morning from 11 to 11:15 by transcription.

Opening 1948-49 Season, Sunday, September 19th

(See Church Activities, page 22)

"THIRTY-SIX YEARS IN ONE PULPIT"

SERMON BY DR. PRESTON BRADLEY
Pastor of The Peoples Church of Chicago
April 18, 1948

"THERE is an old adage which I am sure you have all heard many, many times, and which I have again experienced in these past few days, that I think is eternally true, and that is, "the best part about going away is coming home again." We have all had that experience, every one of us. We make our plans, have our dreams and outline our hopes in all the glory and beauty of the anticipation of some travel experience, and we have the experience, and then we learn that no matter what the experience was, how restorative it was, or interesting, or unique, or how it brought new vistas in our own consciousness and increased the areas of our own perceptions, the most glorious and most beautiful part of it all is the experience of coming home. And when I tell you that for these past two Sundays since I have been away from this pulpit, both of which were spent on the sea on a little ship of 4,000 tons filled with bananas, and with a very wild and treacherous sea most of the time—but being a good sailor I gloried in that—my whole thought, inasmuch as I was in the same time zone as Chicago (except when in Havana, Cuba, for two and a half days, but when we got back again in Central America we were in the same time zone as Chicago), and I tell you, that last Sunday morning, and a week ago Sunday morning, I watched my watch and when it came eleven o'clock I could hear the first note of our recessional just as plainly as though I sat in the pulpit. I saw the choir come down with their graceful stride and their singing voices down the aisles into the choirloft. I went thru every identical moment of that whole hour and a half. I was on a little ship called the "Cefalu." My body was there but my heart was not there, and my soul was not there; my heart and my soul were in this Church and in this pulpit. It is rather of an interesting experience, and one which I don't think you can quite project to the type of person who does not have these emotional reverberations in his own soul. There are a lot of people who could fall out of a plane ten thousand miles in the air, and if the parachute opened all right and they landed safely it would not disturb them very much, to them it would be just another experience. There are people who are not touched by the great experiences of life because they are incapable of emotional reactions, and that is something quite different from mere sentimentality, I assure you. It is something that is so deeply rooted in our human nature that when we have been a part of a thing for a long time and have given to it the very best that we had to give and have wrapped ourselves around it with all the loyalty we can summon and muster and it represents the objective of our highest devotions, the recipient of our most noble sacrifices, we cannot tear that thing out of our life by putting a few miles between us and it. There is an intensification of love and loyalty that sometimes is a very part of absence itself, and my roots have gone down so deep into this Church that if I should ever pull those

roots up I think I would bleed to death; I don't think I could ever stop the inevitable exhaustion, for the finest emotional experiences of my life are associated with this Church, with this pulpit, and with the friends who grow increasingly beautiful as the years deepen and pass.

Very frequently I am asked by people, and particularly by students in some of our seminaries, the young men beginning the great career of the ministry and spiritual leadership, "What is the greatest challenge you have to meet, Doctor Bradley, in your work? What is really the biggest problem you have to face?" Now, after all these years, thirty-six of them, in this pulpit —it will be thirty-six years on the 7th of July — *THE BIGGEST CHALLENGE WHICH I HAVE TO FACE, THE CONTINUING EVER-PRESENT, NEVER-ABSENT CHALLENGE THAT FACES ME EVERY MOMENT OF MY CONSCIOUS TIME IS THE CHALLENGE OF KEEPING RESOURCEFUL; THE CHALLENGE OF STORING UP IN MY OWN INTELLECTUAL, SPIRITUAL AND PHYSICAL LIFE THE BASIS FOR ADEQUATE STRENGTH THAT WILL MEET EVERY OTHER KIND OF CHALLENGE THAT COMES INTO MY LIFE ALONG THE WAY.* Keeping resourceful is the challenge, and even though you are sympathetically inclined to do so, I don't think you can possibly understand what a continuing battle that is.

Every minister, every priest, and every rabbi who tries to be a curé of souls, who tries to be the kind of personality who, when people who are struggling bitterly, many of them against odds and difficulties which they did not create and for which they are not responsible, but who in the confusion and the disintegration and in the frustration come into his presence with an anticipation that something he is going to say, or something he is going to do, will hold the solution for their problem and their difficulty, is constantly being exposed to the hungering lives of mankind, and how to keep intellectually and spiritually alert oneself is the challenge, so that there is no self contribution which will mutilate the effectiveness of our responsibility. This is the challenge which I have faced for thirty-six years of leadership here; that has been the ever-present concern of my heart and my mind, and I think if you are at all discriminating in your sense of values, each of you will to some extent understand the colossal character of that challenge.

First in the realm of the intellectual. No man who has the responsibility of the radio, public speaking, preaching or writing, or is in any degree contributing to the increase of the intellectual horizon of the modern world dare grow stale in his intellectual grasp of life. We are living in a generation which is purely and simply, I think, an era of experimentation. This is not an age of electronics, or mechanics, of this, that, or the other, but I think it is an age of experimentation. I think that all of society, all of religion, all of education, all the creative arts, are at work in a process of verification. Verification, of course, is the technique of the scientific approach which means experimentation. Nothing is going to last merely because it is old any longer in this world. Nothing has eternity in its heart merely because it is ancient. We are no longer going to accept the erroneous conception that institutions, philosophies, religions, principles and ethics, or any other of the great contributory influences to the development of human history are going to be validated simply because they are old. We must have something else in this prin-

ciple of experimentation than antiquity. So, in the realm of the intellectual, the thinking of the world today is in terms of validating the right of certain ideologies and philosophies of life to exist at all in the modern world. That is going to require some heroically modeled inevitable attitudes toward the problems of civilization which must rule out mere sentiment, mere tradition, mere antiquity. That is the challenge which the person who has the responsibility of creating public opinion in the modern world will have to meet.

Therefore, the pulpit, the press, the radio of tomorrow must be an adventuresome one; it must never be afraid of a new truth; it must never run away from a new idea! Every single institution of civilization is in the courtroom of public opinion: education is there, and the controversy that is ever deepening between schools of educational techniques, is perfectly obvious to us all. Religion is there and the desperation by which certain educational, religious and ecclesiastical institutions seek to perpetuate their right to live is evidenced in a plain hysteria of fear as to whether they are going to survive at all in the world of tomorrow. Some of the educators and religionists are almost developing a state of hysteria, so much so that they are so fearful of their possibility of maintaining their own identity that they are willing to revert to the animalistic nature of man and try to settle the problem by brute force. That is the desperation of the modern world! That is where government is today. Even democracy itself is trembling with fear that it has not sufficient vitality and dynamics in a fair open fight in the field of ideological controversies to maintain its identity in a world without war. And so democracy revamps the spirit of coercion, contrary to the spirit of voluntaryism; the spirit of doing things on the basis of confidence voluntarily in the eternal righteousness of our own position is now meeting coercion with coercion, force with force in a deadly combat that may destroy all. We see that indicated by the effort to build a great leviathan when another builds a great leviathan, and soon there will be a super-leviathan against another superleviathan, and this will go on with the stupid techique that every page of human history verifies as disastrous, destroying the economic unity and the industrial integration of the world while the people's nerves become shattered and broken and their fine minds become incapable of clear and brilliant thinking, while we drive ourselves into the hysteria of fear of survival value and attempt to maintain those values on the basis of the brutality of the animalism in the human heart!

Those are some of the problems of an intellectual character that are going to be met by those whose responsibility is the leadership of the Church of tomorrow, the educator and the editor; the intellectual challenge is there! Therefore, any individual who has the responsibility of leadership and does not face up heroically to the intellectual challenge of this hour and, with an associated and most necessary courage, does not speak without fear or favor, is a betrayer of his own responsibility. He is the betrayer; and to betray one's responsibility for the moulding and creation of sane, constructive thinking, is one of the supreme tragedies of the world!

I do not know how much of my ministry is left to me, I have no way of knowing, but I do know this, that if I can maintain the physical strength and the power to meet the responsibilities, which become increasingly greater, in an institution of this character, I

propose, and I propose it with every atom of my being, to do everything I can to widen the horizon of the thinking of the people who honor me by listening to me either in this Church or in my weekly broadcasts. I never felt that responsibility more than I did in Central America when I heard what had happened to confused-minded people of a vastly illiterate type who had been fed on vicious propaganda based upon the inevitable protection and security for those for whom the war should be the most advantageous. I must expose the sources of such propaganda to the people who are bewildered and confused in their concepts of what it is all about, and that is a responsibility I shall not dodge. I know it will create for me a great deal of criticism. It cannot help but result in very embarrassing criticism of my point of view, but I feel deeply the responsibility of it. This is a moment when we simply must get our thinking straightened out, and when we have that straightened out we have started on the long and beautiful road to recovery and to something which we dream of, pray and hope for, something called *"PEACE."* That's the intellectual challenge of tomorrow!

What about the spiritual challenge? That, of course, is fundamental; that is vital; that is, probably, the very constituency, the very heart and the very soul of the whole matter.

Now, I have held to three things when speaking on an anniversary such as this. Nothing that has happened in this world, or is happening, has compelled me to modify my basic concepts and philosophy of life. I know that that might indicate, at first, a certain quality of perhaps smugness. I assure you it is not that; my mind is always open to the infiltration of any new and important truth. Whatever kind of mind I have, I have tried assiduously and carefully to keep it an open mind. But there are three things that I have put in every sermon I have preached. After all, a preacher only has one sermon and everything he says is a variation of one theme. Every person has but one theme, just like a great piece of music. That which makes it a great work of art is the unity of the theme. No matter what the composer does in the tempo or adaptation of the motif, in every single note there is a relationship to the composition. The moment he runs out of that theme or exhausts the full potentiality of that theme that work is finished. So in an individual life; not one in the Church this morning but what has a great theme to his life. There is something that gives distinction to everything else; there is something that colors one's whole philosophy, something that dignifies the conduct, something that builds you into a personality. That something is your life's theme; it is that theme of life that makes you what you are, and that theme never leaves you for one second of time. It is always there; it conditions everything connected with your life. I have had three themes in my life and they are in my heart and mind today and not a record that man has made has compelled me to reorganize my basic philosophy and theme of life.

The possibilities are that you who have been hearing me preach for a period of years are familiar with my three basic beliefs: First, *I BELIEVE IN A DIRECTED OBJECTIVE FOR HUMAN LIFE; THAT GOD* (call it "principle," or "Divine Will," "integrating factor in the cosmos," "a sense of the eternal") *CREATED LIFE FOR SOMETHING HIGH.* That has been one of the dominating themes of my life. I have sounded it a million times from this pulpit and will keep on until the last breath that I draw

that *HUMAN LIFE, IN THE VERY CHARACTER OF IT, PREDICATES AN IMPLIED NOBILITY!* I could not live without that in my life in a world crashing and smashing as this life is, in which these values will be revealed with such power that we will see more clearly in another century than we are seeing today.

HUMAN LIFE IS ABOUT SOMETHING! YOU ARE AN IDENTITY, A PERSONALITY, NOT AN ATOM, NOT A COG, NOT A NUMBER, NOT SOMETHING TO BE HERDED BY THE VICIOUS FORCES OF TYRANNY INTO A GREAT ACCUMULATION OF MASS HUMAN LIVES TO BE SHOT DOWN LIKE BEASTS IN THE FOREST! THAT IS NOT WHAT HUMAN LIFE IS DESIGNED FOR. THAT HAS NO NOBILITY ABOUT IT! WE ARE NOT PUPPETS, WE ARE NOT NUMBERS; WE ARE PEOPLE AND WE HAVE SOULS AND BRAINS AND HEARTS! WE LOVE AND WE WEEP, WE CREATE AND WE BEHOLD! WE TOUCH COLD MARBLE AND GIVE IT ETERNITY! WE CREATE OUR OWN SYMPHONY OF THE SPHERES, THE IMMORTAL MUSIC OF THE AGES! WE ARE MEN! WE ARE WOMEN! WE ARE SHARERS AND PARTNERS WITH GOD, AND NO NATION, NO FORCE OR POWER HAS A RIGHT TO DEGRADE AND MUTILATE THE HUMAN PERSONALITY! That is the basis of my philosophy, that is the most precious thing in the world.

The second theme is that man has within himself the power to rise to these predicated heights. What a disastrous cosmic jest it would have been if we had had the dream and hope and no capacity to realize them. What kind of a God or world would give man the hopes, dreams, capacity for creativeness and then damn him into incompetency and shout at him: "Get into line, forward march! You are like all the millions of others, to be the pawns and the playthings of selfishness and ambition!" I don't believe a word of it, not a sentence of it! We have within ourselves the potentiality and the power to rise into the full structure of our predicated manhood and womanhood! That is the kind of thinking the world needs! Do you hear it? Very little of it. You hear that you will inevitably be drawn into another war; that this is an atomic age; that you are going back to the caves! Where are you heading? To intellectual imprisonment, jailed and trapped? What is the matter with you? What is the matter with humanity? Let these glorious intellects and these great hearts of ours succumb to such a diabolical interpretation of civilization? I repudiate it with my whole spirit and soul and what intellect I have. There is something finer and better and we shall have it! What is it going to require? It is going to require in your life and mine a willingness to succumb, body, soul and intellect, to the greatness and dignity of an objective pattern of decency for the world! That is going to take courage. It is not going to take any courage to go with the mob, or the mass. It is not going to take courage to follow like a lot of sheep, politically, this or that personality. It is not going to require any courage to follow with the pretty safe institutionalized organizations of religion. It is not going to take courage to remain socially and intellectually respectable; that does not require any courage nor courageous people, if you want to be one of a group, a number, and follow the crowd, but *IF WE PROPOSE TO REBUILD THE WORLD ON THE BASIS OF*

SPIRITUAL AND INTELLECTUAL COURAGE, WE WILL HAVE TO HAVE THE COURAGE!

I have the courage to think through the mental fog that is being created by clever propagandists to confuse nations, and I am going to have the courage to take the long, broad, beautiful highway of truth and loveliness and dignity—this is going to require courage. Courage, and *GREAT COURAGE!*

You ask me "What can we do?" It is very simple, so simple that probably most of us miss it. Over in Shropshire in England, in a little chapel, they hold a vesper service at twilight. As the twilight deepens and darkens the villagers come into this ancient chapel for their evening service. There is no light in the chapel, each worshipper brings a candle and on the end of each pew is a candlestick. They light their own candle in their own pew and it illumines with a soft light of beauty the entire chapel, but the light of the chapel depends on the candles that the worshippers bring. Something like that must happen in your life and mine if we are going to brighten a darkened world. The candle we must bring is our own little life, and then toward all the problems have that spiritual quality of sacrifice that that fine American lad had when he was taken back to the First Aid with a mutilated body and the surgeon found it necessary to remove his leg. After it was all over and he visited the lad a little later, he said to this lad, "My boy, I am sorry you had to lose your leg," and the boy looked at him and said, "Sir, I did not lose it, I gave it." When something like that happens in your life and mine, it will be different.

THE SEA GIPSY

RICHARD HOVEY

I am fevered with the sunset,
I am fretful with the bay,
For the wander-thirst is on me
And my soul is in Cathay.

There's a schooner in the offing
With her topsails shot with fire,
And my heart has gone aboard her
For the Islands of Desire.

I must forth again tomorrow,
With the sunset I must be,
Hull down on the trail of rapture
In the wonder of the sea.

(From "One Thousand Beautiful Things," compiled by Marjorie Barrows)

The Liberalist

FREEDOM—FELLOWSHIP—CHARACTER

PRESTON BRADLEY, LL.D., D.D.....Editor
GRACE THAYER BRADLEY.....Associate Editor
ETHEL WELLS SMALLEY.....Assistant to the Editor
MAY H. HARRISON.....Business Manager

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EDITORIAL

THERE is something comforting in the thought that although the world may have gone through a great deal in the past half century or so, the world is still here, though those who sought to change it are gone. The world will change in its own good time and our task is to help it along the right path.

We so often talk about how time flies. The other day I overheard a conversation between two women seated near me. One of them remarked her daughter would be graduating from high school this June, and the other replied: "You don't mean to tell me that your daughter Virginia is graduating; why, it seems to me no time at all since she was a baby; I just can't believe that much time has gone by." And then they talked about how time flies. And that recalled to my mind a lecture I once heard, in which the speaker said "time doesn't fly; it is we who fly. Time stays."

I have always had a feeling that the process of growing older should be accomplished as gracefully as possible. To some it is distressing to realize suddenly that one's activities are slowly but surely diminishing and that, at best, one can be but a spectator in the more active pursuits. But that, too, has its compensations. It allows more time for other pursuits, perhaps talking with old friends and new, participating in happy festivities and quieter and more reflective amusements—or perhaps some special hobby or interest for which one hadn't the time during the more active period of life. There are many, many compensations for no longer being physically young. I find myself accomplishing a great deal more now than I did, say, thirty years ago. It's quite possible that this is one of the advantages of growing old as gracefully as one can. And another advantage is that life becomes more and more interesting. True the hectic, thrilling days of youth are past never to return, but in their stead come tranquility and tolerance—good substitutes I think. When I was a youth and brimming with youthful exuberance, I was sure that I could remake the world in my own time. It never occurred to me then that perhaps the world was

doing quite all right, and that in time, IT would get around to remaking ME and other people then growing up. But I've learned, just as we all must. Then too, youth has an amazing series of emotional ups and downs. Everything is either a calamity or an astounding stroke of good fortune, and there seems to be no middle ground in which to temper one's emotions. But now I know that calamities come and calamities go.

Some wise man once wrote that character is formed in the rush of the world, but talent is developed as one grows older. Perhaps he meant the talent for living. As life goes on, one is more conscious of beauty—because one has more time to observe and appreciate. A walk in the fields, a sudden spring shower, a quiet sunset, all these and many more impressions intertwine themselves gently with one's thoughts. When a man grows older, he finds, sometimes to his surprise, that there are a great many things he has always wanted to do which perhaps, through no fault of his own never seemed to get accomplished in those early years, when all the world was young. All of us I imagine know some people who, while well along in years, seem somehow to have matured in the realization that life can be a remarkable affair if one desires it that way. Then there are those others who grow more dry, more bitter and more indifferent to the beautiful things of life with every passing year. It was Edward Young, as I recall it, who once wrote an amusing little poem, the meaning of which went something like this: "At thirty a man suspects himself of being a fool. At forty he knows himself to be a fool. At fifty he becomes impatient with himself and resolves to do better. And he resolves and resolves and at last dies the same." As I say, it's an amusing poem, but, like so much poetry, it is not necessarily true. Most of us think quite highly of ourselves when we reach the ripe old age of thirty. When we're forty we have a secret suspicion that perhaps the world will little know nor long remember that we bided on this earth for a time. At fifty this is no longer a suspicion, but a certainty. But a man's good resolutions are by no means futile. A man's mental capacities, after all, are sharpened with usage and age and he can always do better. And his intellectual activities can grow and grow. Who among us does not have friends who, coasting along year after year, suddenly accelerate their pace for no apparent reason? And in striving for the stars, whether they always achieve their ends or not, they get new zest for life, new interest, a mental and physical re-awakening. To grow older means one expects less of the world, but need not grow more self-engrossed. Rather, to grow older means to give more and expect less; to retain that deep and abiding affection for one's fellowmen; to live a calm, tolerant life; and to work with all the energies at one's command.

There are two kinds of youth—there is the physical and the spiritual, and in speaking of the spiritual aspect of youth, someone has written this beautiful description: "Youth—is not a time of life—it is a state of mind. It is not a matter of ripe cheeks, red lips and supple knees; it is a temper of the will, a quality of the imagination, a vigor of the emotions; it is a freshness of the deep springs of life. Youth means a temperamental predominance of courage over timidity, of the appetite for adventure over love of ease. This often exists in a man of fifty more than in a boy of twenty. Nobody grows old by merely living a number of years. Years wrinkle the skin, but to give up enthusiasm wrinkles the soul.

Worry, doubt, self-distrust, fear and despair—these are the long, long years that bow the head and turn the growing spirit back to dust. Whether seventeen or sixty there is in every being's heart the love of wonder, the sweet amazement at the stars and the starlike things and thoughts, the undaunted challenge of events, the unfailing childlike appetite for what next and the joy and the game of life. You are as young as your faith, as old as your doubt; as young as your self-confidence, as old as your fears; as young as your hope, as old as your despair.

In the central place in your heart there is a wireless station; so long as it receives messages of beauty, courage, grandeur and power from the earth, from men and from the Infinite, so long you are young. When the wires are all down and all the central place of your heart is covered with the snows of pessimism and the ice of cynicism, then you are grown old! So let's keep the wires attuned to the messages of inspiration, of beauty, of courage and of grandeur — let's keep the central place of the heart warm with the love of life! And all its beauty! P. B.

LINCOLN AND PROVIDENCE

From "Our Faith," published by The Unitarian Christian Fellowship, for March, 1918.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN said, "I have had so many evidences of the Almighty's direction, so many instances when I have been controlled by some other power than my own will, that I can have no doubt that this power comes from above. . . . I am satisfied that when the Almighty wants me to do or not to do a particular thing, He finds a way of letting me know it. I am confident that it is His desire to restore the Union. He will do it, in His own good time."

In this statement Lincoln expresses his conviction that might well constitute the basis for a modern belief in Providence. He declares that God or Providence directly influences human affairs. He also declares that it does so, not by upsetting the physical laws of nature, but by influencing human minds.

We have today a considerable amount of scientific opinion backing up a belief in a Providential activity such as Lincoln saw it. Lecomte du Nouy, in his recent book "Human Destiny," takes the attitude that the origin of life and the course of evolution can, on the basis of cold scientific computation, not possibly be ascribed to chance, but must be ascribed to some sort of a trial-and-error movement tending toward a goal. This goal is the evolution of a human being who rises above the animal stage and develops not merely a consciousness but a conscience, i. e., an intuitional prompting urging him to unfold and act in a manner set by a cosmic Intelligence.

Du Nouy's position is similar to that expressed by various scientifically oriented modern philosophers such as Whitehead, Montague, and Avey. W. T. Stace, another empirical philosopher, says: "God influences the world. . . . His power is incalculably great. We may believe that He battles for the right, that he fights along with us as our captain against evil, that He is the helper, lover, and refuge of men."

For Unitarians, a very conservative statement of this kind by Emerson should be of interest. Emerson, of course, felt that every man had God

in his own soul, and could there approach him. But of all humanity he said: "The genius which preserves and guides the human race indicates itself by a small excess of good, a small balance in brute facts always favorable to the side of reason."

That is to say, there is a pattern unfolding itself in human evolution which gradually, by slow stages, moves the race in the direction of the divine ideal. The individuals, often few in number, through whom the small advances are made, are, as du Nouy emphasizes, the true bearers of human destiny. They are the very tools of Providence.—CARL A. NORMAN (Professor of Engineering, Ohio State University).

Lecomte du Nouy Says:

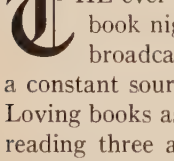
"If we have read the signs of the times correctly, or even if we have exaggerated some of the symptoms, the only salvation for mankind will be found in religion.

"However, it must be a sound Christian religion, vitalized by its own primitive ideals, aware of the progress of science, rid of prejudice against fair speculative intelligence, and soaring high above frontiers.

"Never in her two thousand years has the Church had a more urgent call and a nobler opportunity to fulfill her obligation as the comforter and guide of humanity."—From "Human Destiny," p. 264.

The Omnipresence of God

All nature is a book on which one lesson is written and blessed are the eyes that can read it. On the glorious sky it is writ in characters of fire; on earth it is writ in the majesty of the green ocean; it is writ on the volcanoes of the south, and the icebergs of the polar sea; on the storm, in winter; in summer on every trembling leaf; on man in the motion of the limbs, and the changing expression of the face, in all his dealings, in all his language it is seen and may be read and pondered and practiced in all. This lesson is the omnipresence of God—the presence of a love that is tender and boundless.—RALPH WALDO EMERSON.



BOOK CHATS

THE ever-growing response to the book night which I have on my broadcast every Wednesday is a constant source of inspiration to me. Loving books as I have all my life, and reading three and four books a week, I am always thrilled when the requests for book broadcasts fill the radio mail bag! There are so many excellent books to select from, that one need never waste time on what is not worthy or important. I have selected for this book chat "A Little Treasury of Inspiration and Wisdom"; in fact, that is its sub-title, and it so well describes the contents that I have borrowed the expression to describe the book to you. The book is entitled "Words to Live By," and is edited by William Nichols. It is an anthology of words of inspiration and wisdom, selected and interpreted by 84 eminent men and women. The story of how this book came into being is very interesting.

William Nichols, the editor of "This Week" magazine, tells in his introduction to the book of reading some time ago that wise, good and quiet book by

David Grayson, called "Under My Elm," and said it was a strangely restful book to read back in 1945, when everybody was talking tensely about the "end of our era" and the "doom of civilization." One chapter appealed to Mr. Nichols especially, that told of an old farmer-neighbor who was a kind of walking anthology. Whenever this man ran across some bit of verse or prose he liked, he slipped the words inside his hatband and later tacked them up on his granary wall or on the partitions of his horse barn. And Mr. Grayson said that he believed it would be difficult to find a human being who hadn't a saying or two that he was saving because it expressed something vital. I know this to be a fact, for every day in my mail I receive bits of poetry, stories, or some clipping of a philosophical nature that someone sends in to me, telling me they feel sure I will appreciate it, because they know by listening to these broadcasts that it will appeal to me. Well, that chance paragraph of David Grayson's set Mr. Nichols to planning a fascinating voyage of discovery, as he calls it, not into barns or granaries, but into the minds and hearts of many people. He wrote to people who, because of their achievements in some particular field, were regarded by the world as successful, and here is what he said to them: "These are times when millions of Americans are deeply disturbed and many of them are unhappy. We are surrounded by all the comforts of a machine age, and yet we have somehow lost our sense of the meaning and purpose and beauty of life. Possibly you have faced the same problem. Perhaps you have found some words to live by, and treasured them because they say something which you regard as vital." And so the *words* began to pour in in response to this appeal and for more than a year each issue of "This Week" magazine opened with "words" which had come in response to Mr. Nichol's letters, and these words were sent out to bring hope and comfort to others.

Mr. Nichols soon realized that here was philosophy in the making, gleaned from these people's own experience in living. The fragments suddenly fell into a thrilling pattern—a mosaic of life for our time. In one section of the book, a group of men and women speak about the things that affect Man in relation to Himself—his happiness, success, fulfillment. Another group speak of Man and His Society—the things that go to make up a free and decent way of life. Then a group speak of Man and his relation to God. These three elements of living—Man and Himself; Man and Society; Man and God are considered in this book. Mr. Nichols says that on the pages of his book you will meet people who reveal, in their words to live by, what they are feeling and thinking and believing in this atomic age. It is his hope that "you will recapture, as he has done, a sense of courage and of enduring confidence in the future which lies beyond the uneasy clouds of our time." I found this book so intensely fascinating that I read it way into the wee hours of the morning. I found myself almost darting from page to page as I glanced at the names of the contributors to this book, for Mr. Nichols has gone to every walk of life for his "Words to Live By," and every name is a name the reader will be familiar with—names of authors, actors, artists, military men, business men, singers, statesmen, ambassadors, government officials—an innumerable list of famous people, telling us what has inspired them in life. Yet it is a small book of 194 pages, with not more than probably twenty lines from each contributor. The format is very beautiful,

and the book is a bright and cheerful color, with a brilliant book mark for handy use.

There is a delightful story sent in by Frederic Loomis, a Doctor-turned-author, which he calls "On Having Fun." He said he received a letter one day from Peking, China, which was signed only with a first name, because the writer said her last name was the same as his, and that he wouldn't even remember her. Two years before, she was in his hospital under the care of another doctor. She lost her baby the day it was born, and that day her doctor, as he was leaving her said, "Oh, by the way, there is a doctor here with the same name as yours, who would like to come and see you. He says you might be a relative." Dr. Loomis went in to see her, and she said though he said little, his eyes were so kind as he put his hand on her arm, and she thought how drawn and lined his face was. The other doctor had said he was at the hospital night and day. She had written this letter because, while a guest and seated in a Chinese garden at the back of a private home, she saw these words on a bronze plate, framed in twining red and white flowers: "Enjoy Yourself. It is later than you think." She was still grieving over the loss of her baby, and then she remembered this kind doctor with the lined face. She said he had meant a great deal to her when she was desperately unhappy and she thought these lines might do him a good turn. Perhaps it was later than he thought. He said they disturbed him so much that the next morning he went away on a three months' vacation. They reminded him that he might have more years and happier ones, to do good for others if he started right then doing something to prolong his own life. The story as fully told in "Words to Live By" is truly impressive and delightful. This book "Words to Live By" is another one of the books you will want to own and refer to often. It's not a book of the month, or the year, or the hour, but a book for always!

* * *

The American Brotherhood, the National Conference of Christians and Jews, has a distinguished list of literary people, who make a list of the latest books on the subject of a better understanding of human relations and then publish the list under the heading "Reading for Democracy." During the present year they have brought out a series of recommended reading. I am going to call your attention to many of these books. If you would like the complete list, both for adults, young people and children, you may write to Dr. James M. Yard, Chicago Round Table of Christians and Jews, Room 918, 203 N. Wabash Ave., Chicago, and ask for the 1948 list of Reading for Democracy.

In the foreword to Reading for Democracy and Books for Young Americans, the distinguished writer Pearl S. Buck says that "Books are food for the mind. Just as the growing body needs wholesome food and plenty of it if it is to reach a sound and fruitful maturity, so the mind needs plenty of good books. The choice of books is as important as the choice of food. A child's body can be warped and weak from the wrong *kind* of food as much as from the lack of food. So the mind, too, reading trivial or bad books, may become warped and stunted. Into books, good and wise men and women have put their best and wisest thoughts, and the young mind, reading, can shape itself to noble ends. We know now what is good. We know that the warm desire for justice to all, which we call human brotherhood, alone can make a safe and peaceful world. Then we must develop minds which can un-

derstand this brotherhood and practice it. Now here are some of the books which can foster such understanding and teach such practice."

I think you would be interested to know that if you decided to acquire a single copy of each of the books and booklets published in the United States during 1947, you would have on your hands 376,142,000 pounds of printed matter and would require a book shelf one-fifth of a mile in length. As Norman Cousins, the editor of the Saturday Review of Literature, said, "the central problem of reading today is what to choose. It is a problem made especially acute in times such as these, because rounded, balanced information—so essential to the creation and operation of sound public opinion —is often available only through the medium of books. That is why this list compiled by the American Brotherhood deserves the gratitude of us all, who know that a reader without a competent guide is like an explorer without a map." I shall only mention a few; but the pamphlet which you may send for will contain the entire list.

Harvey Ferguson, in his book "People and Power," has given a hard-hitting analysis of political behavior in America and this book is concerned with the individual, his power to act, and his relation to government and society. It is a springboard for thought and action. I can think of no other more valuable book for each one of us to know, particularly in a presidential election year, than this book. Then the Columbia University Press has published an excellent collection of documents illustrating the development of American ideas and institutions, from the Colonial times up to the present, which is called "The Shaping of the American Tradition." And I must call your attention to a book entitled "Peace or Anarchy," by Cord Meyer, Jr. Cord Meyer, Jr., was a Captain in the Marines, was wounded, lost an eye, and after coming back to America was chosen by Stassen as one of the two veteran aides at the San Francisco Conference. I had the pleasure of meeting him in San Francisco and was tremendously impressed with his sincerity and his understanding of the problem of peace or war. He is critical of the United Nations and presents in the book certain specific and clear proposals for amendments to the United Nations Charter which he feels necessary. This young man will be heard from, and his book "Peace or Anarchy" is one which, whether we agree with him or not, we cannot afford to miss as an aid to clarifying our confused thinking on these problems.

The distinguished author, Stuart Cloete, has a book which he calls "The Third Way," and the thesis is, we may be in the death throes of civilization as we have known it. We do not have to go violently to the right nor the left. There is a third way. For every person who wants the American dream to become a reality, here is a book of absorbing interest. Bucklin Moon's book, "The High Cost of Prejudice," is another original, powerful book about money and prejudice. Can industry afford employment discrimination? Can the South afford to keep the Negro poor? Can management afford an army of second-class citizens who buy fewer goods? Can the public afford racial ghettos which breed crime and disease? Those are some of the questions vigorously faced in the book, "The High Cost of Prejudice." In biography, there are two books, "The Formative Years," by Henry Adams, and the life story of one of the truly great men of our times, "Einstein—His Life and Times."

There are seven books of fiction in-

cluded in the list, thirty-three books under the heading of general nonfiction, four biographies, and six under education. There is also a separate list of books for intermediate and younger readers. The 1948 list, which is number six of the series, contains in all a resume of 50 important books that every American should read. An informed citizenry is the hope and strength of the democracy we believe in and the republic which preserves that democracy.

Herbert Agar, author of "A Time for Greatness," tells us: "Every civilization rests on a set of promises: moral promises about how to behave toward each other, physical promises about how to use our economic system. If the promises are broken too often, the civilization dies, no matter how rich it may be, or how mechanically clever. Hope and faith depend on the promises; if hope and faith go, everything goes. . . . We can start today by treating each other—rich and poor, Jew and Irishman, Mexican and Chinese, Negro and white—as if we believed in the basic promise which is America."

* * *

The unending procession of books these days goes marching on. Some good, some bad, some indifferent. On the whole there are more good books than bad books, but the good books which will live are very few. There is much good writing being done about things that do not matter and what a pity it is that there are those who possess the creative genius for writing, who do not always use a theme worthy of their fibre. And now I am going to call your attention to a book which may be one of the three or four written since the end of the war that has, because of its importance, lasting value. It well may survive as a classic. It well may be a source book to which the historian of the year 5000 (and there will be a year 5000) may look back for an explanation of whatever happens to that intangible something which we call civilization today.

Richard M. Weaver wrote this book and it is published by the University of Chicago Press. Mr. Weaver is a teacher in the college of the University of Chicago. An analysis of why we are in the situation we are in, and the one straight, narrow path we must all take if something disastrous to this civilization is to be prevented, is outlined in this book. Like all truly great books, it creates great controversy and a wide variety of reactions. It has been condemned, criticized, attacked, by some very authoritative critics, and it has been praised to the height of the skies by others. Therefore the only thing for you to do is to read it for yourself and not merely accept the demolition of the adverse critic, nor the effulgent praise of the other. I warn you it is not a book you can read like you read a novel or a mystery story. When I first read it there was many a paragraph that I had to read over more than once, not because the style is involved or ambiguous, but because of uniqueness, challenge, and the point of view was so startling, I wanted to be sure I understood wholly what Mr. Weaver was saying.

A book with which most of you are familiar and which still remains an important book in the light of present-day conditions, both at home and abroad, is Spengler's "Decline and Fall of the West." You recall the controversy about that book. But if you will re-read it, as I think one ought to do in connection with this book, you will see that Spengler did not merit all of the condemnation that was heaped upon him. Mr. Weaver and his book, "Ideas Have Consequences," for that

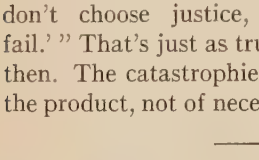
is the title of the book we are considering, are experiencing the same reactions which met the book "Decline of the West." Think of a man taking these questions, and then answering them from the point of view of his thesis: Is modern man a moral idiot? Is he suffering the consequences of the long-forgotten evil decision? Why all this slaughter that has characterized these wars? Why these ruined and devastated cities? Why these broken, disillusioned, homeless, wandering peoples? Why the frustration and sense of insecurity in the hearts of even those who have been most fortunate in the aftermath of war, like ourselves? Why the stricken faiths of today? Why are whole nations turned into penal camps? Why does half of mankind look on the other half as criminal? Why, in spite of ideals, education and religion, all these factors in civilization, why have we arrived at the moment where we feel our only future and safety is in being big enough and strong enough to blow the world into particles of dust? We come to this blind alley where it seems there is no way to go except to turn and walk back into the dust of oblivion. Fundamental questions these, elemental, but they are all treated fearlessly in this book—"Ideas Have Consequences."

Mr. Weaver finds the answer not merely in phrases, Leagues of Nations or struggles of United Nations, or World Courts or economic pacts, or money loaning or international banks or in the hundreds of other things that man has set up mechanically, hoping that through their perfect working the peace which he craves so deeply, and which I believe the whole world wants, is possible of attainment. Mr. Weaver's conclusion is that the answer can be found in modern man's attitude toward truth. Something fundamental in that, isn't there? That goes back a long, long ways in the history of man. There was a great representative of power and empire once by the name of Pilate, who asked an unarmed, defenseless, poverty stricken, homeless man a question, and that question was, "What is truth?" Mr. Weaver's contention is, had man devoted himself honestly and fearlessly, without self-interest, without greed, to the discovery, and then had acquired enough courage to apply the results of his discovery in his search for truth, it would be a far different world tonight. Man needs to see, he argues, that when he banishes the idea of truth, independent of himself, when he finds that there is one system of values better than another, he clears the way for liberty to sink into dictatorship, for equality to become the tyranny of the strongest, for fraternity to turn into fratricide and for progress without a goal to destroy itself. These he insists are the inevitable consequences of man's choice at the beginning of modern times, to turn from the search for truth, higher than himself, and to base his life on facts discovered by his senses. This book, "Ideas Have Consequences," is a grim diagnosis of the ills of our age, but the author does not stop with the diagnosis. No good physician does. He prescribes a realistic and uncompromising plan toward a cure, and if there is anything the people of the world are feverishly and blindly seeking for, hoping for, praying for, it is a cure: some way out of this tragic mass of disillusionment, frustration, despair, all evolving against a background of incompetent and mediocre leadership in almost every area of life.

Well, it is late, almost as late as the dramatic story in Lincoln Steffen's autobiography and which Mr. Weaver quotes in his own book. "When the Frenchmen, after listening to all the

talk about war to end war forever, asked Wilson, Lloyd George and Orlando, if they really meant it, after saying yes, then Clemenceau said: 'Well, you British will have to give up your Colonial system, you Americans will have to get out of the Philippines,' and on and on it went, whereupon the colleagues indicated decisively that that wasn't what they had in mind at all; and the old French realist, Clemenceau, said bluntly: 'You don't want peace, none of you. You want war, really. You urge justice, but you don't choose justice, and you will fail.' " That's just as true now as it was then. The catastrophies of our age are the product, not of necessity, but of unintelligent choice. It lies in the right use of man's reason, in the renewed acceptance of an absolute reality, and in the recognition that ideas are not merely weapons, but that they have consequences.

One of the greatest men in the field of education this country ever had was the justly immortal Carl Schurz. In an address in Nathaniel Hall in Boston, Carl Schurz said this: "Ideals are like stars. You will not succeed in touching them with your hands; but, like the seafaring man on the desert of waters, you choose them as your guides and, following them, you will reach your destiny."



The *RADIO* MAIL BAG

By GRACE THAYER BRADLEY

(Continuing our Easter vacation trip from April number of The Liberalist)

SATURDAY morning, April 3, we packed ourselves and our bags into a taxi and drove to the docks of the Standard Steamship Company, about half an hour before sailing time. There was a great deal of activity at the wharf—people driving up with their luggage, porters rushing about to take care of it, messengers and telegraph boys hurrying to deliver messages, passengers going up the gangplank, others waiting to bid goodbye the last minute to their friends on the wharf—and finally amid all the hustle and bustle the ship's whistle blew a long blast, a great hollow sound like no other noise I know of, the ship sort of trembled, and before we realized it the lines were in and we were on our way.

The trip down the Mississippi holds very little of interest, is unscenic, with no bid for beauty at any part of it. There was a strong head-wind, steadily picking up until late afternoon. When we entered the Gulf of Mexico the sea was quite rough, and continued to be all night and most of the next day. At luncheon we found ourselves seated, at the table assigned to us, with a young couple from Des Moines. We chatted about mutual friends in that city, some of whom have summer homes near ours. We soon felt like old friends, and were glad there were only the four of us at table. We enjoyed the mealtime visits with these fine young people (Mr. and Mrs. Furbush) and liked them very much, more and more every day.

Our second day out (Sunday) there was still bright sunshine, but it was very rough and windy; many of the passengers were sick and did not come to meals, but Dr. Bradley and I are good sailors, I am glad to say, and never missed a meal. All morning my husband seemed quite nervous and kept consulting his watch frequently, while we lounged on the upper deck, watching the blue waves, foam crested, in a choppy sea. I knew Dr. Bradley was marking time for the church service at home. We felt strange and a bit homesick, so far from The Peoples Church on a Sunday-morning. Doctor would glance at his watch and say to me, "Now they are singing—now Rev. Olson (the guest minister in the pulpit while we were away) is preaching," etc., etc. "And now church is out," he said, with an expression of relief I thought—and he relaxed after that. The habit of 36 years is hard to break —even for a vacation trip!

Before daylight Monday the ship slowed down noticeably and we awakened. Dr. Bradley said, "We must be nearing port." At that he put his head out the porthole, and there he stayed for an hour or more. I looked out the other porthole and a most beautiful picture met my eye — the morning star bright in a sky becoming rosy with dawn, the coast indistinct and shadowy, electric light sparkling like jewels along the wharf — and there, massive, impressive, dark against the sky, was Morro Castle, commanding the attention and admiration of everyone entering Havana Harbor.

This fort was built in 1589, I learned from a book on the ship, and its cells and dungeons witnessed some of the most pitiful tragedies of past centuries. The fort is used now for training military officers (the West Point of Cuba!). In crossing the harbor we pass the spot where the Battleship Maine was sunk many years ago!

We dressed for early breakfast, as health and immigration officers came aboard at an unheard of hour to examine vaccination certificates, etc., of the passengers. It was a glorious day, very warm and brilliant. We decided to take a drive around the city, and visited many places of interest. We wanted to see La Merced Church, and stayed there quite a while. This church is the most aristocratic and beautifully decorated ecclesiastical structure in the city and ranks high among the most beautiful in the world. An old priest turned on some of the trick lights for us, which bring out most wonderful effects. The paintings are very fine. We then went to see "The Temple" (or Columbus Memorial), where the first mass was celebrated in 1519 under a great spreading Ceiba tree, like one standing in the same place at the present time. The remains of the great discoverer were enshrined in this Temple for many years. And of course we paid a visit to the great cigar factory where the world famous "La Corona Cabañas" cigars are made. It is a beautiful building and a very interesting place.

We drove to Colon Cemetery, considered one of the most beautiful in the world. Above the entrance are three statues, representing Faith, Hope and Charity. There are many fine tombs, mostly of Caraca marble. All graves in Cuba are above ground—they do not bury in the earth—all above, like little tombs.

The Tropical Gardens is one of the loveliest spots in the suburbs of Havana, and here different clubs and societies hold their picnics and open-air dances. The countryside is very interesting, with scenes of lavish coloring through picturesque villages, past tobacco plantations, sugar cane fields, and miles of luxurious tropical vegeta-

tion, where the graceful Royal Palms lift their heads by the million! There were gorgeous flowers everywhere, mostly growing wild. We enjoyed driving out in the country better than along the city boulevards and residence streets, although the homes were for the most part very large and magnificent.

The shopping district was interesting, and the stores and shops fascinating, filled with very beautiful things. The streets in this part of the city were quite narrow and crowded, and the tropical heat so intense we were wilted and extremely tired when we walked much.

The Presidential Palace and the Capitol are very fine. The latter building and gardens occupy two city blocks, and the great dome can be seen from any place in the city, as well as from way out in the harbor. As one views Havana from the ship, it forms a most colorful and impressive picture—domes and towers—red-tiled roofs and white buildings, cathedrals, government buildings, enormous hotels and fabulous homes, monuments and colonnades.

We enjoyed our stay in this interesting old city, except for the heat. Always we were glad to come back to the ship (the "Cefalu"—I don't think I have told you the name of our steamship before) and we were glad on Wednesday when we left dock, turned and started on our way to Ceiba, Honduras. The morning was terrifically warm and the sun brilliant. We noticed a very handsome yacht in harbor, and soon saw a launch come out from a lovely beach in front of one of the great hotels, and suddenly we realized this launch might be bringing the Duke and Duchess of Windsor out to the yacht. Upon looking through our glasses we were pleased to see we were right in one "guess" and we saw them go aboard and walk forward on the deck to some colorful chairs and sit down. Later (a few days) we read in a paper, they had sailed to the United States to play in a golf tournament. And we sailed on — in the wonderfully blue Caribbean toward Honduras. . . .

* * *

There is only room for one letter from our Mail Bag, and it is a very interesting one from Mrs. Ida Siefert of 608 S. Kenilworth Avenue, Oak Park, Illinois:

"Dear Dr. Bradley:—When I do not attend my own church, at which you have visited on several occasions, I always listen in to your service. Last Easter Sunday I listened to your service; and today a letter came from my son, who is over on a small island off Guam. Knowing how very much you like to hear from your radio audience, and especially from such a far-off place as Guam, I thought you would like to know just what my son has to say:

" 'Preston Bradley was on the radio this morning. It's Easter, you know. It sure sounded nice to hear his voice and his church service; and so, in a way, I had the Easter morning service.'

"Now I know why I wanted to be at home and listen to your service. You see, I really was in church and worshipping alongside my son, even though we were separated by thousands of miles; and it brings him so much closer to home.

"Milton always attends church when he is in a position to do so, and always sang in our choir at Harvard Congregational Church here in Oak Park. It must have meant a great deal to him to hear your voice and your beautiful Easter music away over there on that rock, and I'm grateful you made it possible for him to hear an Easter service. Milton has another 18 months to serve in the Navy, and he must serve

another year on Guam. He is a fine lad and stands 6 feet 3½ and weighs about 225 and he is only 19. He has been in the Navy since he was 17. I believe I detected just a little bit of longing for home, because he is very much concerned about the world situation as it is today. I know he and a lot of other fine lads would die for their country, but it isn't a happy thought to be stuck on a coral rock so far away from home, and trouble brewing all over.

"Milton was standing watch on the caterpillar tractors, which supply the power for the islands, while your message came over the air. It seems they hold their church service at a time when he cannot be there for the service. He has to take a liberty boat over to the main island in order to attend church. He would attend if he could, but they must take their turns standing watch on these engines so they have light and power. Sometimes they have quite a time with the engines burning out, and it keeps them very busy filling them with oil, water, etc.

"He is a wonderful son, Dr. Bradley, and we love him very much, just as all the other mothers and fathers do their sons. I surely hope we won't have to go to war again. I guess we would do just about anything to keep our boys from going to war and scarring their fine, clean minds with the ugliness that war means.

"Why can't people learn to live together in this world as brothers, to build a better world for all, instead of trying to outdo one another in the art of destruction? It seems to me we haven't really advanced one little bit in our civilization when it comes to getting along with our neighbors.

"I just wanted you to know how much beautiful music and your church service meant to that boy over there on Guam, and how grateful I am you made it possible for both of us to be listening to the same service at Easter. God bless you and all the wonderful work you do and may you have health and happiness for a long time to come.

I am, sincerely,

Mrs. Ida Seifert"

* * *

When next I write a Mail Bag it will be from our island home up in Lake Vermilion. Be sure to write and KEEP—ON—THE—BEAM!

CHANGE OF ADDRESS

Have you changed your address? The church office would greatly appreciate your cooperation in keeping its mailing list up to date. There are other changes, too, such as the change of name when a marriage occurs. Sometimes mail goes astray because Miss So-and-So presumes of course that the church office knows all about it when she marries and becomes Mrs. So-and-So and changes her address. Kindly cooperate and keep the record straight. Thank you!

May H. Harrison, Secretary, The Peoples Church,
941 Lawrence Ave., Chicago 40, Ill.

PEOPLES CHURCH ACTIVITIES

Lawrence at Sheridan

36th Season

SUNDAY MORNING SERVICE (Broadcast by WJJD)....11:00 a.m. to 12:30 p.m.
(The Peoples Church closes for the summer with the June 13th Sunday Morning Service and opens for the 1948-49 Season Sunday morning, September 19th)

SUNDAY EVENING SERVICE (From first Sunday in November through Easter Sunday—not broadcast)..... 7:30 p.m.

CHURCH SCHOOL OF RELIGIOUS EDUCATION—Anderson Hall, classes for all age groups. Robert Crosswhite, Supt. Sunday..... 9:30 a.m.
Sunday, June 20th, Sunday School Picnic, Forest Glen.

CHOIR REHEARSAL—Walter Flandorf, Organist and Director, every Friday during church year (Auditions 7:30 p.m.), Church Auditorium 8:00 p.m.

WOMAN'S CLUB—Summer events by special notice from the Corresponding Secretary, Mrs. Paul Raabe, 215 N. Washington St., Park Ridge, Ill. Park Ridge 624-M. Meets every other Monday in Anderson Hall during Church year..... 1:00 p.m.

PROFESSIONAL AND BUSINESS WOMAN'S CLUB — Summer events by special notice from the Corresponding Secretary, Miss Elsie L. Sykora, 618 Arlington St., Chicago 14, Ill. Meets second and fourth Tuesday of each month in Anderson Hall during the church season..... 8:00 p.m.

MEN'S CLUB—Meets the fourth Monday night of each month in Anderson Hall during the Church year. Secretary, Harold Hansen, 2218 Carmen Ave. (25). Edg. 5998..... 8:00 p.m.

USHERS' CLUB—Meets first Tuesday of each month in Anderson Hall during the church season. Frank J. Mason, Sec., 4935 Broadway (40). Edg. 3519..... 8:00 p.m.

PRESTON BRADLEY AUXILIARY OF THE MARY BARTELME CLUB—Meets with Professional and Business Woman's Club, the second and fourth Tuesdays of each month..... 8:00 p.m.

PARENT-TEACHER FORUM OF CHURCH SCHOOL—Meets second Monday of each month in Anderson Hall, during church season..... 8:00 p.m.

CHANNING CLUB—Meets first and third Fridays of each month in Anderson Hall, during the church season. Rose Marie Lucas, Corr. Sec., 840 Lakeside Pl. (40). Edg. 8871..... 8:00 p.m.

GIRL SCOUT TROOP No. 187—Meets every Thursday evening, Anderson Hall, during church season. Betty Boaz, Leader, 7637 N. Greenview Ave. (26). Rog. 5742..... 7:30 p.m.

THE UPTOWN PLAYERS—J. Bradley-Griffin, Director. Studios 1149 N. LaSalle St. Mic. 7766. Plays presented at Eleventh St. Theatre during winter season. Summer Headquarters, Luzern Garden Theatre, Hotel Luzern, Lake Geneva, Wisconsin. Lake Geneva 9. Transportation by bus, C. & N. W. train and automobile. Complete schedule on page 23.

DR. BRADLEY'S RADIO SCHEDULE

WJJD—Sunday morning, direct from Church Auditorium.....11 a.m. to 12:30 p.m.
(From the middle of September to the middle of June)

WJJD—Sunday morning, June 20th through September 12th, by transcription .....11 a.m. to 11:15 a.m.

WGN—Monday through Friday (closing June 11—Opening Sept. 20th).... 6:00 p.m.

UPTOWN PLAYERS

1149 N. LaSalle Street **Michigan 7766**

J. Bradley-Griffin, Director

* * *

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Phone Lake Geneva 9

* * *

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941 Lawrence Avenue

Sunday, June 6, 4:00 p.m.

THREE ONE-ACT PLAYS
"THE NEW LOOK"—Directed by J. Bradley-Griffin
Winning play of the Mid-West Writers' Conference
"HAPPY JOURNEY"—Directed by Ted Swanson
"THE LONELY HEART"—Directed by Irenne Webster

* * *

THE UPTOWN PLAYERS SECOND SEASON AT LAKE GENEVA
LUZZERN GARDEN THEATRE UNDER THE STARS AT HOTEL LUZERN
Curtain—8:p.m.

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"THE LATE GEORGE APLEY".....July 2, 3, 4, 5, 9, 10, 11, 12
"CAROUSEL"—RECITAL VERSION.....July 6, 7, 8, 13
"THEATRE".....July 16, 17, 18, 19, 23, 24, 25, 26
"ANTIGONE".....July 20, 21, 22, 27
"I REMEMBER MAMA".....July 30, 31, Aug. 1, 2, 6, 7, 8, 9
"OUR TOWN".....August 3, 4, 5, 10
"VOICE OF THE TURTLE".....August 13, 14, 15, 16, 20, 21, 22, 23
"NIGHT OF JANUARY 16".....August 17, 18, 19, 24
"ANOTHER PART OF THE FOREST".....August 27, 28, 29, 30, Sept. 3, 4, 5, 6
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